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THE HACKNEY ANARCHIST

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MOVEMENT



This issue's cover is filled with the joy that we began to witness in the return and reconstruction of Gaza, during the time of respite after the Ceasefire. Folk working through the rubble, but also eating together in celebration of a community that could begin recomposing.

In the last weeks, the reintensification of genocidal attacks on Gaza has seen the conflict reach over 50,000 deaths. We won't stop joining and echoing the voices of the Palestinian movement, asking for an end to the occupation and the safe return and reconstruction of the whole Palestinian territory.

FREE PALESTINE NOW

In the UK, the Government announcement of slashing PIP (personal independence payment) to restructure the benefits system can be best summed up through the Catalan expression "They piss on our faces and tell us it's rain". Those who know PIP understand that whilst being tied to a heavily bureaucratic process, it represents a degree of freedom indispensable to disabled people. The reduction of people to their capacity to work, supported by a reinforced security state openly attacking activism, results in the denial of the possibility of decent lives for all.

We could dedicate a whole zine issue to the ongoing movements of destruction a reconstruction of the world through the most cynical vision of progress. As these winds push us towards a present that is harder and harder to recognise, various movements stand in resistance, maintaining a stubborn and necessary defence of freedom, mutual aid and care.



This issue collects a series of essays that observe **MOVEMENT** as a collective proposition, an individual source of reflection and reembodyment in the face of violence, or networks of solidarity. These movements are ongoing, historicised and imagined. In our small corner of London we see that those in power are constantly choosing barbarism over alternative future. We ask can we do?

GROW THE MOVEMENT!

FIGHT!

UNITE OR PERISH!





You find a lot of old punks working in homelessness services in London. I think it's the 'do no harm principle', as well as their own experiences of squatting and sometimes being homeless.

There's always jobs here; there's always been lots of homelessness in London. If you walk down the historical East End you see the 19th Century Missions for the slums or the sailors. They're still running, nothing's changed. Or the 'Big 3' in the sector today: Shelter, Crisis and St Mungo's. These started as radical 1960s projects seeking to resolve the homelessness of their time; they have now professionalised, and the homelessness remains.

But the type of homelessness has changed. In the late 19th to early 20th Century, the 'progressives' in the sector moved from an ideological opposition to 'charity' (think workhouses, tramping and Dickens) to providing support without asking for anything in return. The slow shuddering birth of the welfare state. In the Post War period, homelessness charities were geared around supporting British and Irish itinerants and drinkers – older friends tell me stories of Christmas parties where the wine flowed in the Homeless Hostels. They used to entice people to come in and stay with free baccy. These hostels had an open door policy welcoming anyone – in our days, the rising need has meant that these spaces have been gatekept for over 20 years.

I have come of age in the time of the hostile environment. I once thought finding people homes was the last harmful thing I could do under capitalism. When I started as an outreach worker my main 'clients' (the neoliberal euphemism for the homeless) were Eastern European Drinkers, the very mentally unwell, and unlucky British. Those we couldn't help we called NRPF – No Recourse to Public Funds – no access to benefits or support from the state. I remember my first death; an Indian Gentleman who slept under a bush in Wembley. He had no legal right to be in the country, and there was no free housing to take him to. He had a heart attack and it took the Ambulance 3 hours to arrive. I remember my second death as well. I don't remember my third.



After Brexit, my caseload moved to helping the ‘European homeless’ apply for their pre or settled status. Now, it is mainly Refugees granted asylum status and evicted from the Home Office hotels to fend for themselves. They come to me having finally completed their journey and ask me for the council house they were promised. I tell them that no council house has been built in the UK in 40 years, and that all I can offer them is a 6 month wait on the streets whilst we desperately look for private housing cheap enough for their benefits to cover. They tell me all their friends got council houses within 2 months and that I should try harder. I tell them I can maybe find them a place in a night shelter whilst we search, where they will have to move to a different church hall every night. I do not tell them about the 19th Century.

Working in homelessness no longer does no harm. Professional charities just prop up a decayed welfare state. To keep the limp hands-hake from the government and maintain their middle-class donations, they do not challenge the status quo. I sit in my office and watch trauma walk past my window every day; when they come in, I face that trauma again and again. I will not sit in this office and offer no solutions anymore. I am not as tough as the old punks. And I do not remember the good days.

*Rental Controls Now. Social Housing Now.
Progressive Squatting Now. Revolution Now.*

ta kýmata den kseplénoun to áima

In 2020, the Greek government introduced various anti-immigration policies ranging from unrealistic asylum criteria to restricting migrants from access to food, clean water, shelter, public services and humanitarian assistance. Dreadful living conditions in the camps, an unrelenting discrimination by the rhetoric of the government, church, media and public, as well as repeated abuse by far-right groups: these are only some of the issues refugees and immigrants who cross the Greek-Turkish borders face. A decade after the proclaimed 'refugee crisis', images of starving children in disease ridden camps and official political statements declaring refugees 'invaders' no longer seem worthy of the public's attention. The only thing left to disturb it in its apathy is direct, physical violence. So, let's talk about violence.

Since its inception in the 80's, Golden Dawn (GD) had operated in the Greek political scene largely unhindered. A violent, neo-Nazi organisation which rebranded into a 'patriotic' political party during the financial crisis, attracting so many votes it eventually secured third place in the 2015 Greek elections. In 2012 and 2013, members of GD engaged in a series of highly organised attacks against leftist and anarchist groups, as well as migrant populations. In the early hours of 17th of January, 2013, a Pakistani worker, Shehzad Luqman, was ruthlessly murdered by GD members as he was heading to work. It was not until GD murdered for the second time – this time a Greek anti-fascist rapper, Pavlos Fyssas – that they were led to 'justice' and designated a criminal organisation. There is a false impression that this trial decapitated the Greek far-right. Yet, the 'children of GD', organisations and parties created before the trial's end, still exist. The court did not deprive GD leaders of their political rights, meaning they effectively still lead these offshoot parties, even behind prison bars. In 2020, the Greek islands hosting immigrants and refugees saw an unprecedented rise in violence against migrants as well as NGO workers, anti-racists and anti-fascists. The authorities ignored the violence, which involved brutal assaults, roadblocks, and arsons of migrant housing spaces and camps. This violence was perpetrated by members of the local, national and pan-European far-right, indicating a high level of organisation and networking among different extreme far-right organisations.

But let's not allow the far right and its supporters to take all the blame. Reports from humanitarian organisations, including a recent report by the European Committee for the Prevention of Torture and Inhumane or Degrading Treatment or Punishment (CPT) prove that illegal pushbacks and the systematic torture of migrants by official state authorities at the Greek-Turkish borders are neither conspiracy theories nor leftist rumours, but routine practices of the police and Coast Guard. These pushbacks have often targeted migrants regardless of their asylum status and 'legal' right to stay. Children, the elderly, individuals with disabilities and illnesses have also been targeted. The victims have reported being forced into inflatable boats and thrown in the Aegean Sea to return to Turkey. Migrants have also reported being detained by the authorities prior to the pushbacks. This entails being taken to abandoned buildings, where they are forced to strip, physically and verbally assaulted, and deprived of their belongings. While detained, migrants are not provided with food, water or their prescribed medication.

The refugee crisis is not "old news".

Do not be ignorant when you swim in the blood-filled waters of the Aegean and do not forget the refugee camp a few miles from your hotel. Do not rush to describe Greece as heaven on earth when for some it is hell. Stay informed and defend the rights of those who are killed and tortured in the name of hate.

waves don't wash away the blood



**state functioning as intended
never worked for us
complicit in it all
wrench in the gears
SW1 OAA burn it down**







THE CROWN
ESTATE



Fuck the SWP, Fuck SUTR and Fuck Fascist More!

7:30 the morning, two hundred people yawning wait for the police to come to force an eviction. It is the case of “Casa Àfrica” (Africa house) in Poblenou, a neighbourhood in Barcelona. It’s been two years since the Squatted Social Centre “la Teixidora”, mainly anarchist ceded the space to migrant people in need and started this project to help root this newly arrived people in the neighbourhood. Some bodies are allowed to move freely, some are being chased even in the same streets we dwell. Clearly, they have reached the support of many people as it’s been two hours and there are still many people blocking the street. They will not come today, we won.

It’s hot in the summer, and although this evening its breathable, sweat is running down the backs of all the people. We celebrate, after working in the community garden, the birthday of one of our dearest mates in “la Vanguardia”, one of the many squatted community gardens in Poblenou. This one, started as a protest against the construction of two luxury hotels. They started the construction a few months ago, but we are still organised, which makes it seem a little less of a defeat. While some people are encouraged to come to our hood by the authority and the big capital as tourists, we confront them, not praising a better past or immobility, but knitting a better future.

The sun is setting as we are finishing a meeting in our social centre, “la Flor de Maig”. It’s been one of the most important places in Poblenou for the recent years as it’s the

place where different organisations and groups of people meet, and many activities and events take place there. This is the only moment in the day when you are able to speak to each other without the background noise of the student residence they are building next to us. Hundreds of beds for hidden tourists that will fill even more our neighbourhood. Casa Àfrica had been evicted, there’s no trace of the community gardens, despite this, there’s still people organising the housing movement, the right to stay in our neighbourhoods and fighting against gentrification.

Not only some bodies are allowed to move freely in the world, and also encouraged to do so, while other bodies are punished and even killed in our cities and borders. At the same time, while some of us are every month poorer, we get evicted by force or economic coercion of our places at the same rhythm that thousands of tons of different materials arrive at Poblenou to build new hotels, office centres and other shifty buildings, granting the construction of a new district above the ruins of our streets. But even now, there are those who conspire against this destructive ecocide system.

From new places that are not familiar to us where we had to move to, we, some Poblenou ex-militants, write from the diaspora to encourage the fight against gentrification, capitalism and the authority, in our neighbourhood and across borders!

On Burnout, Lived Experience, and Why I Can't Just Stop

By Mo /> T <^

As someone who's been involved in community organising for most of my adult life - now working with various anarchist and abolitionist collectives - I've endured a lot to get things done. When I communicate that I'm going through a crisis or that the work is traumatic, people often tell me "You're burnt out. Organising needs to be sustainable. It's always going to be like this. You need to step back".

But here's the thing: **I can't - and I won't.**

A core principle of radical politics is autonomy. Respect mine. I know myself. I've considered my options and just because it's hard, doesn't mean I can't do it. I know how I process trauma, and I know when I've hit my breaking point. I step back when I need to - but I do it in a risk-informed way. This comes from lived experience. I've been through many of the situations I now work to prevent; I've been the person targeted and I understand how severe harm can be and how deeply it can affect people.

It's not always "like this". Periods of crisis and periods of healing come and go in waves. There are moments of intensity when risks skyrocket and times of relative calm. Yes, supporting others and dismantling state oppression is always hard work. Yes, it often means engaging with trauma and decentering our individual experiences for the collective good. But sometimes organising is cooking a big meal for a meeting, or doing some admin work to coordinate. Other times, it's confronting fascists or abusers on the front line, mitigating immediate risks, and exposing ourselves to capital-T Trauma.

Given the choice, I'd rather feel like shit for a week and implement my decompression and processing methods than leave someone stranded and allow them to be hurt in far worse ways. For me, organising isn't an intellectual exercise - it's tied to lived experience. Every time I witness an arrest, I'm subconsciously reminded of being a terrified teenager, facing years of forced engagement with state systems, wishing someone had been there for me. Every time I see someone assaulted and left in their abuser's orbit, I'm dragged back to my own past, where I desperately needed intervention.

The suggestion to "just take a break" isn't always the compassionate act people think it is. It's not that I don't see the value in stepping back or the immediate need for others to do so - it's just that not all of us have an "off switch". Some of us carry trauma that leaves no clear boundary between now and then, between others' harm and my last one, this fight and countless others before it. For some of us, trauma isn't sharp pain - it's a dull, ever-present

weight. In that context, stepping back can feel impossible or even selfish. Often, the people who are most traumatised are the ones who pull through, because the alternative is witnessing another failure of community support.

I recognise that my approach isn't universal. Different people need different things to survive this work, and one person's way of building resilience won't always match someone else's. Some may find it easier or healthier to step back entirely, lean on community, or take long breaks - and those choices are just as valid. My way of moving through trauma and exhaustion doesn't mean I'm more committed or stronger. It's simply what works for me in light of what I've been through.

There's an inherent classism around how some people react to those of us who can handle hard truths or prolonged exposure to risk. There's a failure to recognise the value of being toughened by trauma. I've learned how to endure beatings, assaults, and hellish interpersonal conflicts. I'd rather it be me than someone else. I've known for a long time what I need to do to keep myself safe and functional. I can do it almost on autopilot. But with that comes a certain apathy - a blunt, practical attitude that may come off as harsh. That bluntness, however, comes from love and care.

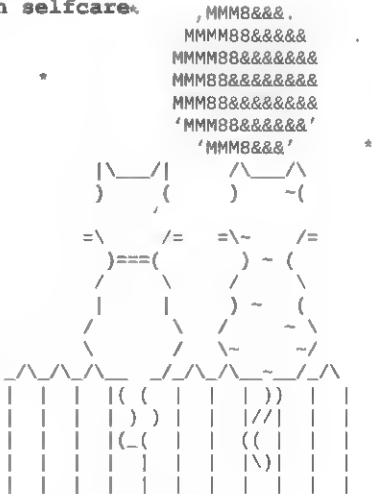
That said, while trauma has given me resilience, I don't want to romanticise or valorise it. Trauma is not a strength; it's a condition of my reality. I've adapted to survive, but I wouldn't wish these experiences on anyone. My ability to push through pain is not something I take pride in - it's simply a reflection of my history.

Solidarity is more than selfcare.

It's showing up for each other.
It's the collective recognition
that when one of us is harmed,
all of us are harmed. And sometimes,
solidarity means trudging through hell
for each other, no matter how much
it hurts - because we know we'll get
through it together.

Solidarity also means honouring
each other's autonomy - the freedom to
do what we feel needs to be done with-
out judgment. It's not telling someone
to step back and let injustice unfold;
it's making sure they know there's a
warm meal and open arms waiting when
they come back.

It's about trust and care, not cotrol. And that's the kind of soli-
darity we need to sustain ourselves and our movements.



AUTHENTICITY

Erica Lagalisse AKA June Thunderstorm

I remember the rich kids sitting around in the park whining about having no "authenticity" in their lives. What does that even mean? Let's sort it out because when the wealthy complain working class people are "lucky" because we can be "real", it's nice to be ready with a fist full of words.

The bourgeois long for truth because they continually lie about what they think and feel. They lie to themselves about this as well, glossing their dishonesty with fancy words like "tact", "discretion" and "professionalism". These words refer to the lies professionals must tell in order to maintain their valuable reputations. Indeed the capacity to lie to protect one's credit is itself highly valued—if one can play the game oneself, one can be trusted to support other players (cover asses).

For this reason the "anti-capitalist professional" is, by logical necessity and in unique ways, never what it preaches. Note how this problem is different from any "false consciousness" that people may have related to their forms of privilege. Integrity is simply not available to the bourgeois subject, which is by definition oriented to increasing its value at the expense of others. Meanwhile, an always-attendant desire for "authenticity" reflects partial consciousness of dishonesty as a lynchpin of bourgeois life.

Bourgeois studies of "authenticity" and its longing are plentiful, including important observations about desire for authenticity being racialised. In this way, the anarcho-tourists of my Gen-X era who chased the Zapatistas in Mexico were much like the white radicals of the 60s who wanted to "come alive" through black communities. At the same time, middle class preoccupation with authenticity is also partially explained by the fact that the bourgeois continually lie to themselves and others about what they think and feel in uniquely bourgeois ways, whether they are white or not. Analyses that point to racialised desires for authenticity stand either way.

The fact is that people without class power actually need to be able to read others' emotions for practical operations of cooperation on an everyday basis, whereas wealthier people can and do pay to make problems go away, and have relatively little experience of managing conflict in everyday life as a consequence. When psychologists agree that the wealthy are "less cognisant of others", "more disengaged during social interactions", and "more likely to lie in a negotiation and cheat to win a prize", maybe it's because they grow up being able to buy a lawyer if something seems unfair.

When working class people face a problem, stakes are high – someone will lose their flat or die. Precarity necessarily involves feelings of anxiety, fear, anger, joy and relief, and we have no need to hide these emotions because displaying feeling is an acceptable way of persuading others to help. Surely this is why working class people are better at recognising facial expressions: Even if we are not enjoying a given social interaction, we must pay attention because there is no option to "draw boundaries" by throwing money at the situation instead.

The need for everyday cooperation related to exclusion from institutional protections ("rights") informs and encourages ordinary working-class consensus processes whether our extended networks are white or black or otherwise, and however our relations are otherwise shaped by intersectional dynamics of gender and racialisation, which they always are. When people without class power resolve conflicts by communicating and cooperating, we must appeal to one another to join forces, decide what measures must be taken, and carry them out, with the specifics always mediated by culture in different ways.

All of this is relevant to why rich lefties dress up in ripped jeans and painters' clothing even while banning "cultural appropriation" from their events. On some level they know they are posers, yet this knowledge is unpleasant, so instead of addressing the contradictions of their lives, they work to imitate black radicals, Zapatistas, and the working class people who are honest in ways they aren't.

Insult is laid upon injury. After making fun of us for our poor taste, then dressing up in our work clothes, then having the audacity to complain we're lucky because we don't have to lie as much as them, they proceed to claim they do "non-violent communication" because they can keep a smile on their face while stabbing someone in the back (which they consider normal). In professional class life emotions and conflict are politely removed to the "private sphere" or to institutions that wield violence on one's behalf, so they can be smiling when it happens. Consider how being able to call a lawyer allows one to think of oneself as not being physically violent because the police who implement the decisions of lawyers are different people. Note also how the people who lawyers and bureaucrats deploy with sticks and guns are of a lower class, by definition constituting upper class as "non-violent" via delegation.

This stuff is important to think about within social movements for a few reasons. Any sort of middle-class to-ne-policing without attention to upper class delegation of violence is a key way by which middle class activists mistake middle-class courtesy for good politics, and import it within certain styles of consensus-based decision-making. Such a classed slip is particularly unfortunate and ironic in the anarchist scene, because the expressive orientations of diverse working-class cultures emerge from, and are better adapted to, the consensus processes and collective self-management that anarchists aim to manifest.

THE ANARCHIST CAFÉ

Anarchists should open cafes.
Spill the ill-assorted chairs
and tables onto the pavement.
Go heavy with the red paprika,
shower down the black pepper.
Have trans and Roma waiters
to glide between the tables,
taking orders couched as poems.

Decorate the walls with graffito
pics of Emma Goldman, Patti Smith,
Pete Kropotkin, Allen Ginsberg.
Sit the refugee next to the barrister.
Welcome dogs of all persuasions.
Usher in the teenage truant.
Request that those in uniform slip
into all-encompassing rainbow robes.

Feed the snap-trap eager-beaver
TV MPs vegan burgers 'til they go
all Paulo Freire, shouting, We are
new in heart and soul, come to
change the way things are!

Yours for the Works.
Dick Jones

First published in London Grip poetry magazine

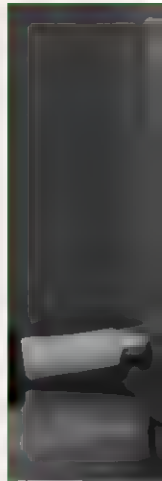




MOVEMENT

In the modern day it has become quite simple to move about the world. Though we complicate it with borders and restrictions, there is no doubt the ability to travel in hours that which once took months has reshaped the world.

In some ways it has made our worlds bigger as we see more than our predecessors ever could have dreamed, and in others our worlds grow smaller as friends and families spread across great distances to chase dreams and opportunity. Perhaps the most concerning thing which we have learned to move, are consequences. When all that you have comes from the people and land around you, you learn to care for it. You cannot crush those people in your community underfoot or you will have no one to turn to. You cannot strip the land to the bone or you will have nowhere to go. Yet when resources and labor are taken from someplace far away, that damage is invisible.



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to.

ANARCHO-ANIMISM

Re-mystification As Resistance

What if the only escape from "Capitalist Realism" is a hero's dose of "Acid Anarchism"?

Part I: Perennial Philosophy

When it comes to metaphysics and the essential nature of reality, one excellent take is panpsychism, which argues that consciousness is a fundamental aspect of reality—pan means all, psyche means mind. Within pan-psychism we understand that the constructs of the "physical" and the "mental" are a false dichotomy. This view is opposed to physicalist materialism and substance dualism (the predominant theories in modern Western philosophy) but attempts to harness the virtues of both views and the vices of neither. It takes the monism of physicalism but rejects its reductionism; it takes the irreducibility of consciousness from dualism but rejects its metaphysical duality. There is nothing about the "physical" that should preclude the "mental". They're the same thing.

While controversial (although increasingly popular) in Western philosophy, panpsychism has been implicit in much of non-Western philosophy, including esoteric and occult traditions. A recurrent aspect in these traditions is the assertion of the "aliveness" of the universe. A minimal version of animism makes the same move with life as panpsychism does with mind. As it's unintelligible that life emerges from inanimate chemistry, so it must follow that life is in some way already present and fundamental before the emergence of living organisms. These concepts are strung together as the "perennial philosophy" or at least that's always how I understood Aldous Huxley.

Note, this is interesting in its own right, but does it have any bearing on anarchism?

We must work quickly! The Zine Commentariat are butchers for brevity!

Part II: Perennial Politics

We might find some satisfying links between the "horizontal" ontology described here (that levels out the phenomena of the universe) with the horizontal politics of anarchism. Is this link merely superficial? Or could it be that the self-organising social structures of a free society, composed of conscious living minds, are a reflection of the self-organising atomic and cosmic structures of an alive, conscious universe? A kind of fractal-anarcho-hermetic "as above, so below"?

It is certain (at least to anarchists) that anarchistic tendencies are a fundamental feature of human nature and forever strive beneath the surface of oppressive structures, forming a "perennial politics". Perhaps there is a certain affinity between the perennial philosophy and certain practices of anarchism. Could a return to the perennial philosophy reignite and reformulate our approach to this perennial politics? Could it be that re-mystifying the universe could be an avenue for resistance? Could we make an even more convincing argument for Anarcho-Animism?!— of course but the Zine Stazi word count overlords would never permit it!

SO DIY! LET'S TRIP OUT AND DREAM UP NEW FORMS OF ORGANISING WHILE REVIVING OLD WAYS OF UNDERSTANDING OURSELVES, NATURE AND REALITY! CAN WE REALLY CALL IT OUR REVOLUTION IF THE COSMOS ITSELF IS NOT DANCING?!



Want more? Seek out THE ONTOLOGICUS.....

Incarcerated. IPP. Isolation. Complaint Forms. Transfer.
Separation. Parole. Temporary Accommodation.
Discrimination. Homelessness. Incarceration. Again. Again.

How can we reach through these boundaries which enclose
people & prevent support & change.

We grow things, little things between the cracks. The small
fractures that can't won't be sealed, that breath in light & air,
& breath out daydreams & slivers of hope.

Books, clothes, thoughts, jokes, friendship, support, love,
connections, understanding, community. We offer as much
as we can spare to our incarcerated queer & trans siblings.
What they offer back gives us the strength to keep going.
The tangled threads that now connect us, that travel vast
distances, passing through over air, salty water, concrete
& bars of cold steel, become thicker, stronger, resilient the
more they are cast.

To the police, the guards, governors, solicitors, judges,
architects & politicians. To the terfs & fascists we offer you
only our rage, poison & corrosive bile. Bricks & petrol.

We have a lot to spare.

We are a small collective made up of queer, trans
and gender non-conforming abolitionists.
Queer & trans folks are disproportionately represented in car-
ceral settings in the States & face experiences that are often very
isolating, lonely & leave long term marks. With little financial
support & prison supply lists being so restrictive & expensive it
can be extremely difficult to find resources that meet their needs
& wants. We send books, zines & educational materials writ-
ten primarily by queer & trans people to our friends held inside
prisons, detention & immigration centres. We hope this may
shift some control back into the hands of incarcerated people by
supporting the literacy, self empowerment, and imagination.

Return of the Repressed Collective is a mutual aid and non-educational learning group

with a harm reduction and collective liberation approach for those who may lack access to traditional health & educational services (BIPOC, LGBTQ+, Sex workers, unhoused, undocumented, anarchists, activists). Our actions include harm reduction street outreach, workshops, psychological first aid and longer processes of focused emotional support. Our approach to understanding the continuum of mental health - dis-ease is contextual, relationship- and community-based. We want to see a new culture that provides space to explore various states of being. We emphasise non-traditional, holistic, DIY methods to attend to our psychological needs leaning into creativity and imagination as radical tools.

We see the therapeutic potential of revolutionary struggle and the revolutionary potential in collective healing. We stand in alliance with mad pride movements through the recognition that sickness has subversive potential obstructing capitalistic desire of immortality. We stand behind healing justice initiatives in acknowledging the profound impact that systemic oppression and violence has on mental health of communities of colour.

Mental health struggle reflects the symptoms of grave social injustices. Psy-sciences have been vehicles for depoliticising social inequality translating social issues into individual pathologies. This is the case when they talk about 'burn-out' as a psychological category instead of inhumane working conditions, or about mental health disease rather than about the 'dis-ease' one reasonably experiences living under oppressive and exploitative conditions.

We reject the pathologising definitions of health and illness that are rooted in the hyperproductivity culture, mechanistic view of people maintained by biomedical models in psychiatry, hierarchical and patriarchal relationships in psychotherapy and mental health awareness initiatives.



Blade Runner

The insidious way oppression and hypernormativity render certain experiences more important than others seep into the innermost aspects of our lives. They generate somatic imprints in our bodies, affecting neural processes, vital functions such as sleep and nutrition as well as our perceptions, body-states, relationality and emotions. Our goal is to develop languages that capture non-conceptual, somatic and affective experiences to represent the vast diversity of experience.

Disembodied Western culture with the inherent logic of capitalism, fascinated with the infinite acceleration of its death-drive reliant on imperial imagination leading to the exploitation of human and non-human bodies, arbitrarily separates the physical from the psychological and the social. It often values physical ability and fitness over psycho-social wellbeing. It proposes to think of ourselves as commodities, hack our bodies and minds for resources. We propose an integrated view of the physical-psychological-social. Exploring this integration in community settings through mutual aid practices and knowledge sharing become vital parts of self-defense in a world marked by diverse forms of oppression and violence.

We foreground physical action as opposed to abstract theorising. In the name of looking at our actual practices of being in the world, we organise two-weekly critical-creative movement sessions. The region between the physical and psychological which has mostly been neglected by binary, Western approaches to thinking can be a special source of political resistance as we move the death drive of capitalism out of our bodies, engage with embodiments of disgust and explore how to share weight physically and socially.

I was asked when I started doing sex work and I said: "I was 19 but I don't know if I should count it".

And I immediately felt weird. Why not? Why not because it was with just one guy? Because he never paid me money but instead gave me survival?

I always kinda knew but finally named it: this happened without my knowledge or informed consent. I got manipulated into it. I wasn't a minor though so surely I couldn't have gotten groomed...? But if so, how do you call it when somebody in his 30s seeks out a teenager who has no safe place to stay and can't get a job because we're in a deprived region with no prospects?

How do you call it when you, not out of the pureness of your heart mind you, give this teenager what they need? And you sprinkle it with all the classics like: "You're so mature for your age" blah, blah, blah... I agreed to have sex with him daily to be able to stay at his, but somehow I believed we were just casual.

I'm thousands of miles away from there, both literally and metaphorically. Yet it hurts. I feel so disconnected from my body. I kiss someone I wanted to kiss for ages and I love it but my soul is empty. I'm happy but there is this one big nothing.

I was never a sporty type except for kid neighbourhood fist fights. Then I started doing pole at 26. Slowly but surely, I started feeling my body. I started breathing. I found a spot in my body that feels the most me: close to my heart, where my sternum ends and gives space for the soft tissue of my belly. This is where I'm me the most. This is where I go when everything feels too fucked up. Find me there most time.

With each time at the strip club, I love dancing more and more. I've always been shy, hating the spotlight. Now I'm enjoying myself, the performance, the things I can do with my body since I grew so strong. I feel like each time I'm getting better, bigger, I'm expanding. And this translates to my everyday life, and I'm so grateful that I found a hobby that is now my job and a way to heal.

And the past? That was 2011. Sometimes it feels like nothing's changing, but something is shifting. I'm not naive, these things still happen. But trust me when I say: patriarchy is throwing its last protest punches because it knows its end is near. We don't need something that destroys us all.

Here are some last few words from me:

FUCK NONCES AND CREEPS AND CULTURE THAT ENABLES THEM.

FUCK EXPLOITING PEOPLE WHO HAVE THE RIGHT TO MATURE WITHOUT THIS BULLSHIT.

FUCK DRAKE.

AND FUCK YOU, MACIEK.

Not in a way you'd wish and never again on your terms - or any terms for that matter.



MOVEMENT



As anarchists and anti-fascists, our political work is material. It does not remain at a theoretical level, but is instead defined by its practice. Our unity, strength, and autonomy is found in our common actions: every breath, a new step towards a liberated world. Movement, is the core of our project. Our politics does not aim to stay within the narrow confines of a “social movement”, but to flip that on its head and claim a whole society in movement.

Unfortunately, this is not an easy task. As enemies, we have the police, finance bros, racists, misogynists, homophobes and every transphobe out there... not to mention the ever-present violences of the state and capitalism. In the past months, as fascist violence has intensified and become more explicit, some of us came together in a joint acknowledgment that we need to incorporate physical activity into our organizing. There is a practical need to learn how to use our bodies effectively in violent situations. We are no strangers to police batons and fascist blows. Yet, we are also no strangers to resistance and taking the first leap. We want to be able to handle these situations as best we can.



People often overlook the extent that violence forms the fundamental fabric of the far-right: from right-wing football firms to sexual violence, these are all tools in their ultimate desire to dominate. To guide society's movement into a future of pluralism, anarchism, and harmony with our ecology, we need to work on our own physical abilities. We cannot wait for fascists to get better trained or better armed. We are already too late.



We do not dogmatically suggest that any "true revolutionary" must be Antifa Supersoldier: there are a myriad ways people with varying levels of disabilities and abilities can be important parts of our movement. We simply assert that everyone should feel confident flowing and dwelling in their bodies—bodies are capable of many beautiful things— and should have a



space to learn to do so in a safe and comfortable place outside of the typical macho and nationalist gym spaces. With this in mind, we have established an autonomous, non-hierarchical martial arts and self-defense community dedicated to collective empowerment.

As we train, we feel deeply the growth of community and the strengthening of relationships in every moment.

When we stop to breathe together, when we move together, when we ask our partners "Can I punch you?" during drills, and in our smiles, laughs, and breaths of exhaustion after our training. We also reconnect with our bodies, and reclaim them from the violations of capitalism, misogyny, racism, transphobia, and ableism. Rooted in feminist principles, and emphasising consent, collaboration, and solidarity, we are an inclusive space for comrades of all abilities,

skills, levels, backgrounds and bodies. Most of us started with no prior experience in any martial arts, and have gradually learnt together. We focus on Muay Thai and Krav Maga styles, but are slowly branching out into BJJ and MMA. Trainings are every Monday (17:30-19:00). Please contact IG: @cengic.cd for details.



In solidarity, Cengic Community Defense

THE TRANS PRIDE MOVEMENT

Mx. Adam Khan

Trans Pride is not a new phenomenon, yet multiple recent factors have galvanised trans activists to organise explicitly in the name of Trans Pride. Trans-centric protests predate the 1969 Stonewall Riots in New York, with notable examples including the 1959 Cooper Do-nuts Riot in Los Angeles and the 1966 Compton's Cafeteria Riot in San Francisco. However, only since the 2000s have explicit trans rights marches become more commonplace, such as in 2004 in San Francisco and 2009 in Toronto. Since the founding of Trans Pride Brighton in 2013, 25 Trans Pride organisations have been established across the UK and Ireland. The Trans Pride Collective was also set up in 2023, which hosted the first Trans Pride Assembly in 2023 and the second in 2025. There are also Trans Prides all across the world.

The factors that galvanised the movement in the UK and Ireland include the predominant neoliberal capitalist frameworks, which post-2010 austerity measures bolstered. This hostile climate deepened the need for grassroots, community-based support. Since the mid-2010s, there has been increasing anti-trans rhetoric in the media and the government, concurrent with increasing challenges to gender-affirming healthcare and the isolation felt during and after the COVID-19 Pandemic, all of which created introspection within the trans community, with increases of mutual aid provision from within. Divergence from the commercialisation of mainstream Pride events has also led to a focus on grassroots and intersectional organising, bringing the broader LGBTQIA+ movement back to its roots, such as seen in Gay Liberation in the 1960s and Lesbian Liberation in the 1980s.

**NO
PRIDE
WITHOUT
TRANS
PRIDE**

The Trans Pride movement is not cohesive, and rightly so. Structures or constructs do not bind Trans Pride; they only bind the context within which each operates. Each Trans Pride organises differently, considering the needs of the local trans community, geographic location, and social context. Trans Pride does not exist solely within these organisations, as seen in campaigns such as Fort London's 'No Pride Without Trans Pride' campaign. Trans Pride has also featured heavily in documenting trans history through the Museum of Transology, which has collaborated with various trans pride organisations to document local trans histories.

Like all protests, Trans Pride is never static, whether it be a movement through the streets, a movement to unilaterally reclaim space in the here and now, or a movement to shift perceptions away from the predominant cisheteronormativity. Trans Pride exists in every trans person, authentically and unapologetically. Regardless of whether the Trans Pride has tens of thousands of trans people and their allies marching down the streets or a few dozen reclaiming a park, each Trans Pride is intrinsically anarchic. Every Trans Pride is an embodiment of the rejection of the trauma and gatekeeping that institutions and hierarchies subject upon us.





Gertrude



What does movement mean when staying put in the neighborhood? Can we move our bodies and minds, explore new places, and make new connections without leaving our neighborhood? Can we learn new things and simulate the experience of travel while staying in one place?

What does it mean to travel in the first place? What is it about moving through space—boarding a train or a plane, riding a road, or walking an unfamiliar road to a strange destination?

There is something about movement, whether physical or conceptual. People have traveled for countless reasons: survival, war, work, trade, money, tourism, disaster, persecution, new opportunities. Movement is often struggle, loss, and reinvention.

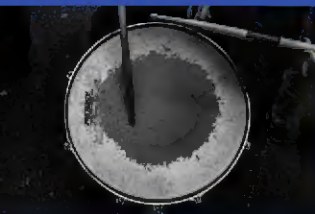
How can we move without leaving home? How can we experience change and form new connections right where we are?

How can we move without leaving home? How can we support those facing harm in their homes, workplaces, or communities, and solidarity, we move.

Movement without



Movements emerge from necessity, from the refusal to accept things as they are. They take shape in shared conversations and collective struggles, in moments of defiance. They build momentum, encounter resistance, change direction, or seem to disappear, only to resurface in new forms. The process unfolds in waves—small or large steps, sudden leaps—moving from awareness to action, sometimes toward radical transformation.



Constantinos

These movements are constantly shifting—adapting, dissolving, re-emerging. Even when a particular struggle ends, its impact lingers, shaping future possibilities. What seems like a sudden eruption of action is often the continuation of past efforts, carried forward in new ways.

Likewise, artistic movements emerge when people push creative expression beyond existing boundaries, rejecting inherited ideas and forging new ways of seeing. From the Renaissance to Dada, from Surrealism to underground DIY cultures, art—like politics—does not move in straight lines but in disruptions, ruptures, and reinventions. The ideas that challenge and transform the present do not disappear; they resurface, reshaped by new hands and new struggles.

Political and artistic movements are called movements because they embody action, flux, and (r)evolution. Just as travel is not just about reaching a destination but about the experience of moving itself, movements—whether social, political, or artistic—are not about fixed blueprints or predetermined outcomes. They are about the ongoing push, the shifting landscape, and the connections forged along the way.

end

Blade Runner



Shari Shalaby via Freedom News

The idea of movement is often about the journey itself, rather than the destination. Transformation lies in the engagement with the world, the struggle that changes us along the way, and the collective effort that helps us grow and reach new limits. A single destination or fixed path becomes an obsession, suppressing the value of the evolving process. Whether traveling far and wide, or engaging with our immediate surroundings—

when we embrace the process of movement,
we discover that the journey itself is the
destination we seek.



It takes many hands, many minds and many hours to make a zine. Hackney Anarchists wants to thank the contributors & comrades who have shared their work with us and supported the making of this issue. To many more.

COVER ART by Atti.

WORDS from Some Revolutionary Ex-neighbours from Poblenou, Erica Lagalisse AKA June Thunderstorm, Dick Jones, Ian from Iowa, The Ontologicus, Lavender Pages Project, Return of the Repressed, Cengic Community Defense, Mx. Adam Khan, Blade Runner & others.

VISUALS from Constantinos, Cas, Gertrude, Finn, FORT & Mir.



Keep building community, caring for each other and developing radical action. As we witness an attempt of destruction of unprecedented scale, in each moment of hopelessness and despondency, we turn to each other for help and nurture. When state and capital demand that we become empty machines of production, we teach each other the full extent of our solidarity. Each word, gesture and act creates a different world.

*The state does not care for us,
we care for us!*



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